

1567/10574  
THE  
HUNTING  
OF  
CHEVY CHACE.

*Battle of Chevy Chase,*

Fought by the Earl Percy, a son to the  
present Duke of Northumberland, against  
the Earl of Douglas in the Cheviot-  
Hills.



Printed this present Year.

## The Hunting of Chevy-chace.

GOD prosper long our noble king,  
 our lives and fasties all,  
 A woeful hunting once there did  
 on Chevy chace befall;  
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
 Earl Piercy took his way,  
 The child may rue that was unborn,  
 the hunting of that day.  
 The stout Earl of Northumberland,  
 a vow to God did make,  
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
 three summer days to take;  
 The choicest hearts in Chevy-chace,  
 to kill and bear away;  
 These tidings to Earl Douglas came,  
 in Scotland where he lay,  
 Who sent Earl Piercy present word,  
 he would prevent the sport,  
 The English Earl not fearing this,  
 did to the woods resort,  
 With two hundred bow-men bold,  
 all chosen men of might,  
 Who knew full well in time of need  
 to aim their shafts aright.  
 The gallant grey-hounds swiftly ran,  
 to chase the fallow deer.  
 On Monday they began to hunt,  
 when day-light did appear,  
 And long before high noon they had  
 an hundred fat bucks slain;  
 Then having din'd the rovers went  
 to rouse them up again.  
 The bow-men master'd on the hill,  
 well able to endure,



Their back sides all with special care,  
 that day was guarded sure ;  
 The hounds ran swiftly through the wood,  
 the nimble deer to take,  
 And with their cries the hills and dales,  
 an echo shrill would make.  
 Earl Piercy, the merry knight,  
 to view the sport did come,  
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas has promised  
 this day to meet me here ;  
 But if I thought he would not come,  
 no longer would I stay.  
 With that a brave young gentleman  
 thus to the Earl did say,  
 Lo, yonder doth Lord Douglas come,  
 his men in armour bright,  
 Full fifteen hundred Scottish spears  
 all marching in our fight ;  
 All pleasant men of Rivotdale  
 dwell by the river Tweed,  
 Then cease your sport, Earl Piercy said,  
 and take your bows with speed,  
 And now with me my countrymen,  
 your courage to advance,  
 For there was ne'er a champion yet,  
 in Scotland nor in France,  
 That ever did on horseback come,  
 but if my hap it were,  
 I durst encounter man for man  
 with him to break a spear.  
 Lord Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
 most like a baron bold,  
 Rode foremost of the company,  
 whose armour shone like gold ;  
 Show me, said he, whose men ye be,  
 that hunt so boldly here,

That without my consent do chase,  
 and kill my fallow-deer.  
 The first man that did answer make,  
 was noble Piercy he,  
 Who said, we list not to declare,  
 nor show whose men we be.  
 Yet we will spend our dearest blood,  
 the choicest hearts to try.  
 Then Douglass swore a solemn oath,  
 and thus in rage did say,  
 E'er thus I will out braved be,  
 one of us two shall die,  
 I know thee well, an Earl thou art,  
 Lord Piercy so am I;  
 But trust me, Piercy, pitty it were,  
 and great offence to kill,  
 Any of those our harmless men,  
 for they have done no ill,  
 Let me and thee the battle try,  
 and lay our men aside,  
 Accurst be he, said Earl Piercy,  
 by whom it is deny'd.  
 Then slept a gallant 'Squire forth,  
 Whithrington by name,  
 Who said he would not have it told,  
 to Henry his king for shame,  
 That e'er my captain fought on foot,  
 and I stood looking on;  
 You be two Earls, said Whithrington,  
 and I a 'Squire alone;  
 I'll do the best that I may do,  
 while I have power to stand.  
 While I have power to wield my sword,  
 I'll fight with heart in hand;  
 Our Scottish archers bent their bows,  
 their hearts were good and true,



At the first sight of arrows sent,  
 Full fourscore English flew.  
 To drive the deer with hound and horn,  
 Douglass bade on the bent,  
 A captain mov'd with maikle pride,  
 his spear in shivers went.  
 They clos'd full fast on every side,  
 no slackness there was found,  
 And many a gallant gentleman  
 lay gasping on the ground;  
 O but it was a grief to see,  
 and likewise for to hear,  
 The cries of men lying in their gore,  
 all scattered here and there;  
 At last these two stout Earls did meet,  
 like chieftans of great might.  
 Like lions mov'd, they fear'd no lord,  
 they made a cruel fight;  
 They fought until they both did sweat  
 with swords of temper'd steel,  
 Until the blood like drops of rain,  
 they trinkling down did fall.  
 Yield thee, Lord Piercy, Douglass said,  
 in faith I will thee bring,  
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,  
 by James our Scottish king;  
 Thy ransom I will freely give,  
 and this report of thee.  
 Thou art the most gracious knight  
 that ever I did see.  
 No Douglass, quoth Lord Piercy then,  
 thy proffer I do scorn,  
 I will not yield to any Scot  
 that ever yet was born;  
 With that there came an arrow keen,  
 out of an English bow,

Which struck Lord Douglass to the heart  
 a deep and deadly blow ;  
 Who never spoke more words than these,  
 fight on my merry men all,  
 For why my life is at an end,  
 Lord Piercy sees me fall.  
 Then leaving life, Lord Piercy took  
 the dead man by the hand,  
 And said Lord Douglass for thy life,  
 I would have lost my land,  
 O ! but my very heart doth bleed  
 with sorrow for thy sake,  
 For sure a more renowned knight,  
 mischance did never take.  
 A knight among the Scots there was,  
 who saw Earl Douglass die,  
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge  
 upon Earl Piercy ;  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery he was call'd,  
 who with a spear full bright,  
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,  
 rode fiercely through the fight,  
 He past the English archers all,  
 without e'er dread or fear,  
 And through Earl Piercy's body then  
 he thrust his hateful spear,  
 With such a vehement force and might,  
 he did his body gore ;  
 The spear went through the other side,  
 a large cloth yard and more.  
 So thus did both these nobles die,  
 who courage could not stain ;  
 An English archer then perceiv'd,  
 his noble Lord was slain,  
 He had a bow bent in his hand,  
 made of a trusty tree,

An arrow of a cloth-yards length,  
 unto the head drew he;  
 Against Sir Hugh Montgomery then,  
 To fight his shaft he set,  
 They grey goose wings that were thereon,  
 in his hearts blood was wet.  
 The fight did last from break of day,  
 till setting of the sun,  
 For when the evening bell was rung,  
 the battle was scarce done.  
 With the Lord Piercy there was slain,  
 Sir John of Oggerton.  
 Sir Robert Ratchiff, and Sir John,  
 Sir James that bold baron;  
 Sir George, and also good Sir Hugh,  
 both knights of good account,  
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,  
 whose prowess did surmount;  
 For Withrington I needs must wail,  
 as one in doleful dumps,  
 For when his legs were smitten off,  
 he fought upon his stumps.  
 And with Earl Douglass there were slain,  
 Sir Hugh Montgomery,  
 Sir Charles Murray that from the field  
 one foot would never flee;  
 Sir Charles Murray of Ratchiff too,  
 his sisters son was he.  
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,  
 yet saved he could not be.  
 And the Lord Maxwell in like case  
 did with Earl Douglass die;  
 Of fifteen hundred Scottish spears  
 went home but fifty-three;  
 Of twenty hundred Englishmen  
 scarce fifty-five did flee;

The rest were slain at Chevy-chace,  
 under the green-wood tree.  
 Next day did many widows come  
 their husbands to bewail;  
 They wash'd their wounds in birmish'd tears,  
 but all could not prevail;  
 Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,  
 they carry'd them them away;  
 They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,  
 when they were cold as clay.  
 The news was brought to Edinburgh,  
 where Scotland's king did reign,  
 That Earl Douglass suddenly  
 was with an arrow slain;  
 Now God be with him said our king,  
 since it will no better be,  
 I trust I have in my realm  
 five hundred as good as he.  
 Like tidings to king Henry came,  
 within as short a space.  
 That Piercy of Northumberland  
 was slain at Chevy-chace.  
 O heavy news, king Henry said,  
 England can witness be,  
 I have not any captain more  
 of such account as he.  
 Now of the rest of that account,  
 did many hundreds die,  
 Thus ends the hunting of Chevy-chace,  
 made by the Earl Piercy;  
 God save the king, and bless the land,  
 with plenty, joy and peace;  
 And grant henceforth that such debates  
 'twixt nobles may cease.



